

Swordsmen Yield To Penmen In Struggle

(See Page Six)

2

PFENNINGS
PAY NO MORE

The Tiger

DE FUROR
ISSUE

HE ROARS FOR CLEMSON

Vol. No. 32

CLEMSON, S. C., APRIL 1, 1938

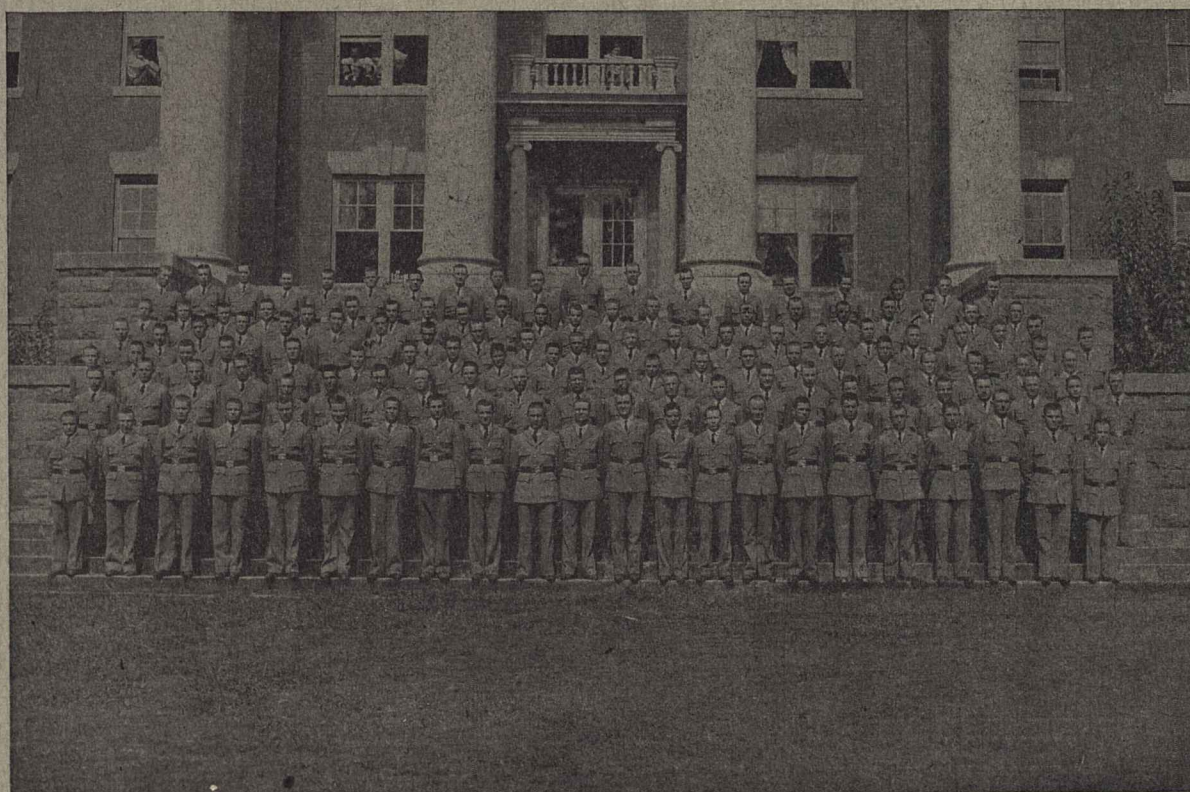
No. 23

STORM TROOPERS ANNEX WINTHROP FOR DE FUROR

(See Page Three)

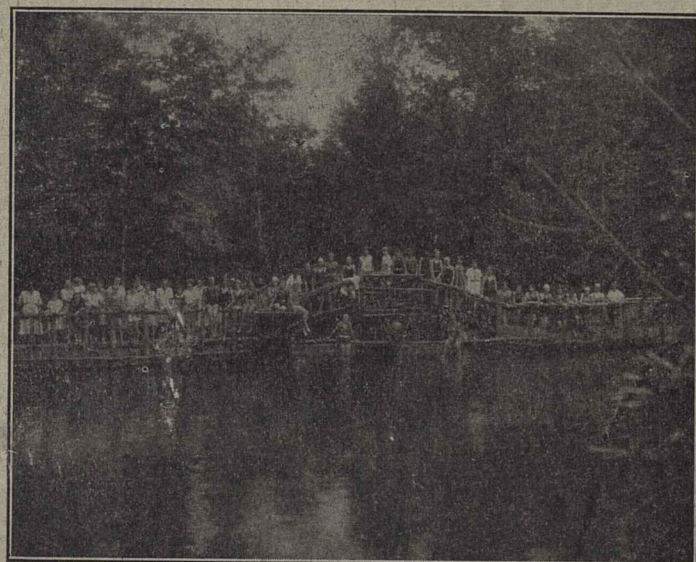


TRIUMPHAL ENTRY: Hysterical with the joy of conquest, the Clemson band leads victorious Clemson Storm Troopers into the grounds of Winthrop College after annexation of the sister college by Furor Skardon and his feared Starch Shirts. As thousands of Nutzi sympathizers shouted Heel, Heel, Hell, till their throats were sore, the Starch Shirted conquerors fended their way to the gates of Winthrop. The Nutzi Board of Censorship banned the scheduled cut showing the 1800 Winthrop lasses joyously welcoming their heroes.



EXILES: Because they could not goose-step and because they could not shout "Heel, Heel, Heel" in the proper monotone, these 200-odd weaklings have had their heads shaven and been stamped as unfit by Nutzi militarists. Standing before the impressive portlas of the home of Nutzi doctrine, these men philosophically prepared to meet their fate. As alternative to a firing squad they may choose deportation to P. C.

SYMBOL: Grim reminder to the foes of Clemson's Nutzi party is this Big Bertha, symbolic of the might of the Reeich Army of which the fourth battalion is a nucleus. Says Clemson's Furor: "What Clemson takes is Clemson's. I shall fight to expand her borders. The Nutzi party shall rule by right of conquest. My guns shall speak for themselves."



DAMSELS IN DISTRESS: Anxiously awaiting the moment when their Big 10 leaders, the only campus leaders opposed to the annexation of Winthrop by Clemson Storm Troopers leave, Winthrop students flock to the bridge along the famed Winthrop Moat separating the college from town to watch the progress of their Starch Shirted heroes as they advance on Rock Hill. Shortly after this picture was snapped, Winthrop's conservative leaders fled; and with all authority gone, the student body flocked en masse into the nearby town to join the victorious troopers in a revelous victory march, lasting till early dawn.



The Tiger

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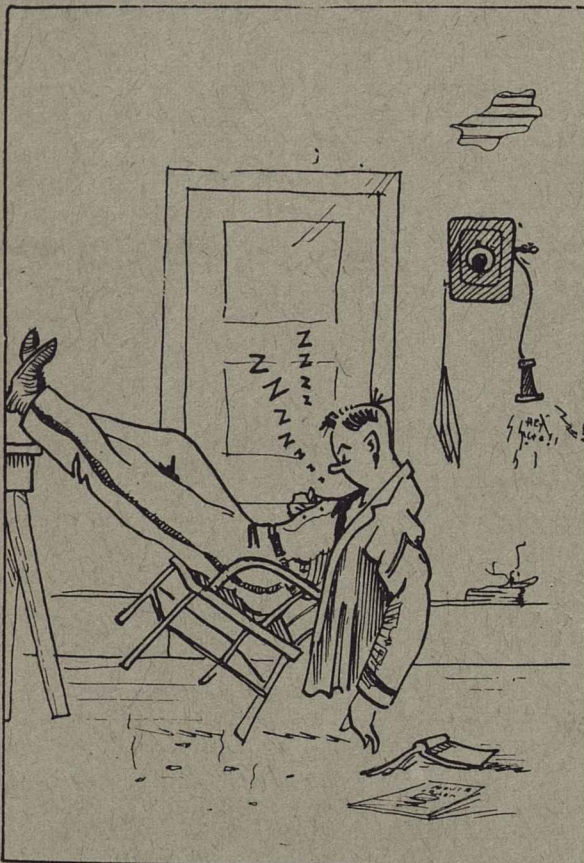
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EXECUTIVE STAFF



MOUTHPIECE

Under the strict militaristic regime of the Nutzi Starched Shirts, censorship has become a watchword on the Clemson campus.

With guards, spies, and undercover-men lurking in every corner, bypath, and nook freedom of the press has become a myth. Every editorial (with the exception of this one) every story, every headline has passed under the diligent eye of a starch-shirted Nutzi purist. It was only through bribing press comptroller Mazo, who will be executed when this is read, that we were able to slip in this . . . our last "freepress" editorial.

From henceforth, the old Tiger Regime which won your hearts by so fearlessly bringing you the truth and nothing but the truth is no more. Instead you are now a subscriber to a muzzled paper. A paper which serves merely as a mouthpiece for the great Furor. A Furor whose Staff Officers will constantly keep propaganda before your tired eyes.

With freedom of the press, there is no alternative. We must either commit suicide or accept a job with the only publication gaining favor in Nutzi eyes . . . the Brigadier.

Please, Ignowsky, the flit gun. . .

SCOURGE

Having started the South Carolina campaign against the dread White Scourge, and having given full cooperation with the medical authorities of Clemson Nutzi regime, we recommend remedial action in the dark and unenlightend non-Nutzi colleges such as Citadel and Furman. Naturally, it is easy to understand their lack of action for the common welfare, for they are not Nutzi and cannot act with the same unified purpose as the "Purist" Nutzi Colleges of Clemson and Winthrop. Our Furor is due commendation for the promptness with which the wabberman test was given to all now under the "new Nutzi freedom by regimentation" policy. It took a Nutzi college to grapple with this problem, and it took a Nutzi leader to put across this Nutzi program for the betterment of new culture.

FOOLING AROUND

Once again the time of year has come when we let down our hair, so to speak. Good ole April Fool's Day is just about to make its appearance thereby giving us the license to poke a wee bit of judicious fun at those around us. This time we have attempted to hit a few angles which are not ordinarily worked out and we have tried to let the obvious pass unnoticed. Whether we have succeeded in producing a paper which will please you and you and you is a question that we cannot yet answer; but we can sincerely say that in no sense of the word have we attempted to poke malicious fun at any one. It's all done in the spirit of good clean fun and it is our wish that it be taken that way.

REGIMENTATION

With the taking over of control by the Nutzi, regimentation in every phase of cadet life has been enforced by Chief Stuff-Shirt Nutzi Furor. Such barbarous sports as football, softball, and ping-pong have been banished from the campus. From now on mob exercise will answer the need for building healthy bodies.

Special marches have been inaugurated to fit the cadets. Those Nutzies above five feet six in height will march to the goose-step, while those below that statute will waddle along to the duck-step. Our Chief Nutzi thinks of everything.

Even at meals the military cadence will be employed. The cadets will march into the mess hall and remain standing until a Stuffed-Shirt asks a blessing. Seats will then be given. After seating the first command will be "Unfold Napkin—Spread." The next command will be "Draw Knife, Elevate Fork—Drive." Seven seconds will be allowed to pin the food to the fork then then the next command will be "Open Mouth—Load." Two seconds will be allowed for this operation; then the order to "chew" followed in nine seconds by "Swallow." Every cadet will be required to keep in perfect time with the orders. There will be a severe penalty for those who miss a beat or beat the commander to the draw.

And this my friends will be the new order of regimentation, giving equality to everyone.

POWER

Power! A place with the moon (when cemetery hill is filled)! How long have people whose blood flows like our, people with the Tiger corpuscles flowing thru their veins and arteries from ventricle to auricle, true beings—how long have the words "Power" and a "Place with the moon" been only idle fancy to us.

But the Furor has come, sent by his good padre in Walterboro, he has shown us that our Roars can be heard above the songs of such sweet voiced, pretty outsiders like "I'm an Angel" Rex. He has acted.

Sister Winthrop is ours. In the days of the old regime those of our blood, the Tigresses who have so long wished union, were kept at their distance by insipid "senior council—scabbard and blade" week rulings. But the Furor has struck! We are joined, and it matters not what the others whisper about us, our blood will tell at Vassar, Converse, Lander, and even in isolated College of Charleston. The axis supported by our Furor is turning, nothing can stop us!

On The Up-Beat

With "Tricky" Owens

I'll bet you didn't know that walls were built to keep the ceiling off the dining room table . . . That a cellar was built to fill up the hole under the house . . . That some college girls pursue learning, while others learn pursuing . . . To be content with what we have is very easy, it's what we haven't got that makes us discontented . . . Kissing a girl because she lets you is like scratching a place that doesn't itch . . . The old-fashioned girl who stepped out fit as a fiddle has a co-ed daughter who comes in tight as a drum . . . I met my girl in a revolving door and I been going around with her ever since . . . This is a very funny world, half the people are laughing up their sleeves and the other half hasn't even got sleeves . . . Alone in the moonlight is much better if you're not . . . Some girls get a man into a jam and then let him down with a jar . . . Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, B. * . ? ? ? My girl always calls me Romeo because we sit in the balcony at the movies . . . If Spring comes can summer be far behind? No, but it's a long time 'till next April First . . . Anyway, ain't nature wonderful? Except that it's so much darker at night than it is later on, or does that make sense? Well, anyhow who cares? . . . You will have to admit that I've been around . . . Yea, round home all my life . . . I have met a lot of girls though. Several of them I remember. One of them was a guide's daughter, but she led me astray. One was a printer's daughter, but she wasn't my type. One was a professor's daughter. She taught me a lesson. Another was a doctor's daughter, but she gave me a pain. One was a fireman's daughter, but she put me out. One was a bookkeeper's daughter, but she wasn't balanced. One was a driver's daughter, but she gave me a bum steer. One was a banker's daughter but she was no asset . . . No one knows what makes a hero—least of all the person who is one, but anybody can tell you what makes a fool . . . It is hard to tell when and just what this world is coming to, but I do know that everybody seems to be having a swell time getting there . . . Me and Garbo, I tank I go home now. And maybe you better carry me out.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that he's almost sorry that its April Fool because nobody will want to believe all this good copy that he's writing; but that he can assure you and you and you that his column is not one to have its authenticity changed by an editor's whim.

Oscar Says—

. . . that following generations will speak in hushed voices of the Black Spring of '38 and Oscar, not knowing where the axe will fall next, is playing safe and doing all his drinking with the Senior Council in their clubrooms over Plough-boy's garage, with the Junior Council mixing, the Sophomore Council standing guard, and the Freshman Council sharpening pencils, all in blouses.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that Big Dust Jordan, who thinks nothing of busting the seats out of three pairs of pants a day, is threatening to turn in his uniform if they don't fix the blades so they'll go in the scabbards either way and upside down, and Oscar suggests that next time they have Little Dust up on the hill behind a tree ready to rush down and substitute while the boys create a diversion by throwing their rifles at the band.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that he would be the last to bandy about a bit of criticism and he doesn't mind sitting on the hill and watching two or three parades a week but understands that now Holtzy has sold all the softball equipment and invested the money in peanuts and beer to peddle to the crowds that come to watch, thus proving the information he has that the staff is getting an extra show pass for each parade on a week day and two for Fridays.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that Lee Graham is keeping company with a mighty sweet little girl in Anderson, but that Oscar doesn't exactly approve of his competition.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that Pappa Jess and the rest of those Mean Old Coaches took the marbles away from a crowd of sophomores out on the small parade ground one day last week for playing for keeps, and when next seen Tubby Howard had his and was going home because the rest wouldn't let him wear his shoulder pads in a little game they had going down on Riggs Field.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that Wample Sanders managed to get two girls through the weekend as neatly as he's ever seen it done and the retired colonel worked just as well with Little Mayo, which is probably one thing that kept everybody happy.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that in the so what dept. it's noted that last week Lt. Col. Fuller had a birthday complete with cake, candles, little girls with pink hair ribbons and a dedication over the messhall hookup.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that all he had come Sunday night was three cigarettes, a Confederate dollar and a cold fried egg in the left hind pocket of his brown suit but that Tarrant still had his Seneca schoolteacher and alibied she had missed her bus.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that positively the last plug concerning the Sumter Knitter is that people are beginning to ask if she's part of the permanent decorations, like the orchestra pit, and at a recent meeting, the C. D. A. unanimously voted her the title of Field House Mother together with the job of Director of Propaganda on next year's committee.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that he wonders if the Converse girls have heard the cookie joke. They should have 'cause that's where he heard it.

— OSCAR SAYS —

. . . that in answer to a recent thrust in that pillar of editorial integrity, the Johnsonian, in which Clemson's quantity was unfavorably compared to the Citadel's quality, he can only draw a similar and very obvious comparison between Winthrop and Limestone, at which latter college he knows of three cute girls anyway.

Our Own Bust Sheet

BUSTED

Senior Council
Colonel Weeks
George Rex
Sirrime Construction Co.
The Jungaleers
"Strobo" Stokes
House Moving Co.

Mr. Littlejohn
Dr. Bloom
Hon. Cadet Colonel
E. C. Ray

Colonel Bell
Yard Engine No. 3

BUST

Unfair Boycott
Defaulting on Collect Telegram
General Nuisance
Off Limits
Murdering "Dinah"
Wearing Boots to Bed
Destruction of College Property

Borrowing Postage Stamps
Throwing Chalk in Class
Desertion
Failure to Report to Library
Absent Special Formation
Resisting an Officer

BUSTOR

Pendleton Liquor Store
Bessenger & Palmer

Coker Glee Club
Major Martin
Frank La Marr
Corporal of Guard
Prof. Holmes

Mr. Evans
Tiger Editor
Little Holtzy
Margaret McGinty

Hon. Col. Williams
Colonel Denny

Thousands Go Wild As Furor Enters The City

FACULTY ANNOUNCES PLANS FOR ANNUAL GENERAL SCIENCE DAY

Next week end thousands of disinterested people are expected to gather at Clemson for the annual General Science day. The gathered throng will be treated to an inside view of Clemson's General Science school and to inspect the work that the students are supposed to be doing.

The first exhibit will be a view of the way that the General Science school gets most of its students. A guide will escort the spectators through the Registrars office where numerous students will be seen changing from Engineering, Chemistry, etc., to General Science.

Next on the program will be a demonstration of how the different boys sleep without the professor's knowledge. This exhibit will feature the "behind the book" method in which the student slumps far down in his desk with a large book in front of his face. Another novel method is the "thinking" method in which the pupil sits with his head on his hand, with his elbow resting on desk top, as though he were thinking deeply, while in reality he is sound asleep.

The crowd will then be taken down to Doc McCollum's drug store where several G. S. boys will be seen reading up on international affairs, and inspecting the joke books so they will have something

to talk about to keep Professor Rhyne from getting around to the lesson.

The final exhibit of the day will be an inside view of a class being conducted by the dean of the General Science school, Dr. D. W. Daniel. This will feature Doc giving himself a typical blowing up, while the students look as though they were believing every word he said.

JORDAN

The Emporium of Beauty Culture, recently organized by Ben Jordan, gives rejuvenation to many cadets with formerly hopeless cases. "This exclusive process," stated Jordan, "insures the proper Nutzi type of appeal. It gives one the 'body beautiful'. The only failures of the process to date were the times that it was applied to three Citadel cadets, who having heard of its marvels came to Clemson."

TAYLOR

Dr. R. Taylor, of the English department, recently tendered his resignation to the college officials in order that he might devote his full time to the furnishing of his new ladies dress shop, to be located here in Clemson.

Skardon Leads Troopers In Passive Win

As wildly cheering throngs packed the sidewalks and taxed the strength of police cordons to the utmost, Furor Skardon's conquering Nutzi Battalion marched into the cobblestone streets of Rock Hill with little resistance from the few who opposed Clemson annexation of its sister college Winthrop.

Shortly following the route of a group of Davidson skirmishers by his intrepid Starch Shirted Storm Troopers, Dictator Skardon drove into the throng-packed streets in his 16-cylinder Mercedes-Hispana. This was the Furor's first visit to his homeland since boyhood and the enthusiasm of the crowd as they saw their hero was not to be abated.

Troopers of the picked Fourth Battalion, the Furor's own were acclaimed by the Winthrop sympathizers as saviours.

Waiting only till their Big 10 . . . only Nutzi opposers, fled into the hills, the lasses, 1600 strong swept into the streets and commenced a night of revelry and celebration. A victory parade kept Rock Hill in an uproar till early dawn.

South Carolina Collegiate Diplomatic circles were in a dither over the latest move of the Clemson Furor. Only last week, Herr Skardon subjected Furman to his iron will and transformed it into a concentration camp. Diplomats are scurrying madly about wondering what the Iron Ruler's next move will be.

Limestone issued an ultimatum to Coker throwing the colleges on the verge of war, but Coker's diplomats wisely met the demands of the upstate lassies.

Citadel, Wofford, and P. C., combined their diplomatic resources to halt the Furor by some ingenious coup. As usual Carolina chose to play a lone hand.

Sloan Advocates Daybreak P-Rades

Put under pressure by Meinwier Sloan who has risen to prominence as Premier Skardon's left-hand man, the antiquated Big 10 whose members are now merely figure-heads in the military set-up of Clemson College, passed the rule abolishing retreat parades in favor of the Sloan-proposed Day Break parades.

Says Sloan, "We storm troopers work hard; we date late. We haven't got time to be bothered with parades in the afternoon. Set the parades at the dawning hour so we can catch them on the way in. Us troopers was missing too many parades under the old set-up and we can't afford to let our goose-step get rusty."

Enthusiastic storm troopers suggested that Comrade Holtzen-dorff construct bleachers and install refreshment stands so dates could watch their "army men" strut their stuff in the dawn's early light.

VIRILE CLEMSON MEN GET BEARDS

Clemson is "fuzzie wuzzie" conscious, yet the school is allergic to those individuals who insist on regression to hirsute obscurity.

So startling a remark must be grounded on fact and here is the startling revelation.

Voting on the measure yesterday the school voted as one to go back to beards as a means to eliminate face washing and razor blade expense.



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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

HOKE SLOAN

New Palm Beach Suits

SLACKS — SWEATERS — POLO SHIRTS

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See the new Friendly and Crosby Square Shoes

HOKE SLOAN

Clemson, S. C.

Stewart-Merritt

COMPANY, INC.

Clothiers

Established 1907

Greenville, S. C.

DRINK

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK

The pause that refreshes

Compliments of

CLEMSON COLLEGE

LAUNDRY

WHEN IN ROCK HILL

For The York-Chester Club

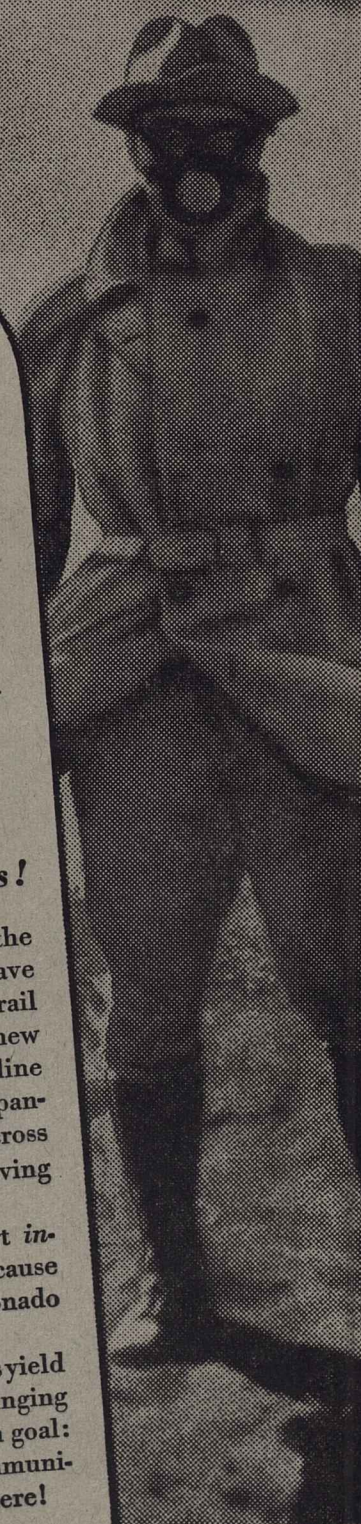
April Fool's Ball

Visit The

Varsity Grill

Oakland Avenue

ROCK HILL, S. C.




RE-STAKING CORONADO'S TRAIL

...with telephone poles!

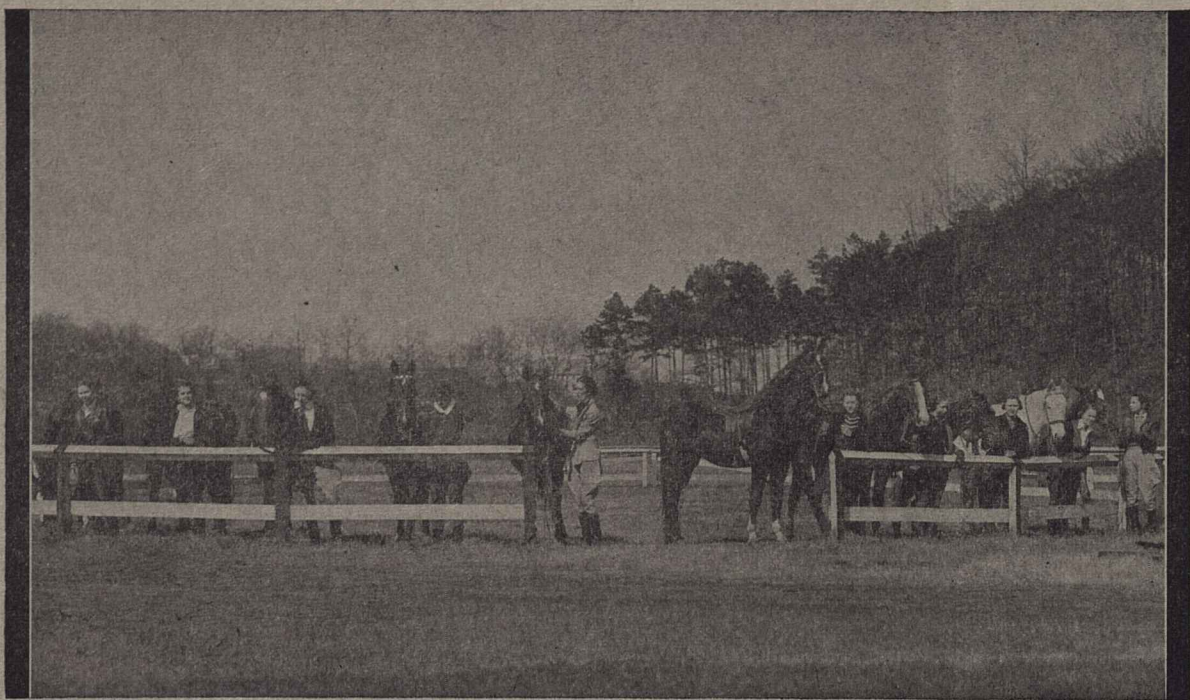
Masked and goggled against the desert dust, telephone men have followed the 400 year old trail of Coronado in building the new transcontinental telephone line recently completed. The Spaniards took many days to cross the trackless Southwest, driving stakes to guide their return.

You can span this desert instantly over the new line, because the pioneering spirit of Coronado still lives.

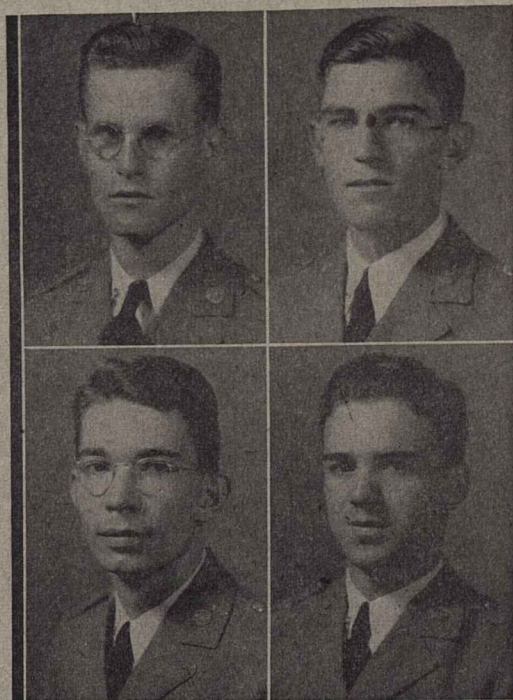
Oceans, mountains, deserts yield one by one to that spirit, bringing ever closer the Bell System goal: dependable telephone communication with anyone, anywhere!



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



TO HORSE: Alarmed over the approach of the thundering Nutzi Storm Troopers as they entered Rock Hill, Winthrop's Big 10, nervously stand by their spirited mounts ready to flee into the hills once the troopers set foot on Winthrop soil. Though Winthrop as a whole favored annexation, the Big 10 or Conservatives fought storm trooper doctrines to the last.



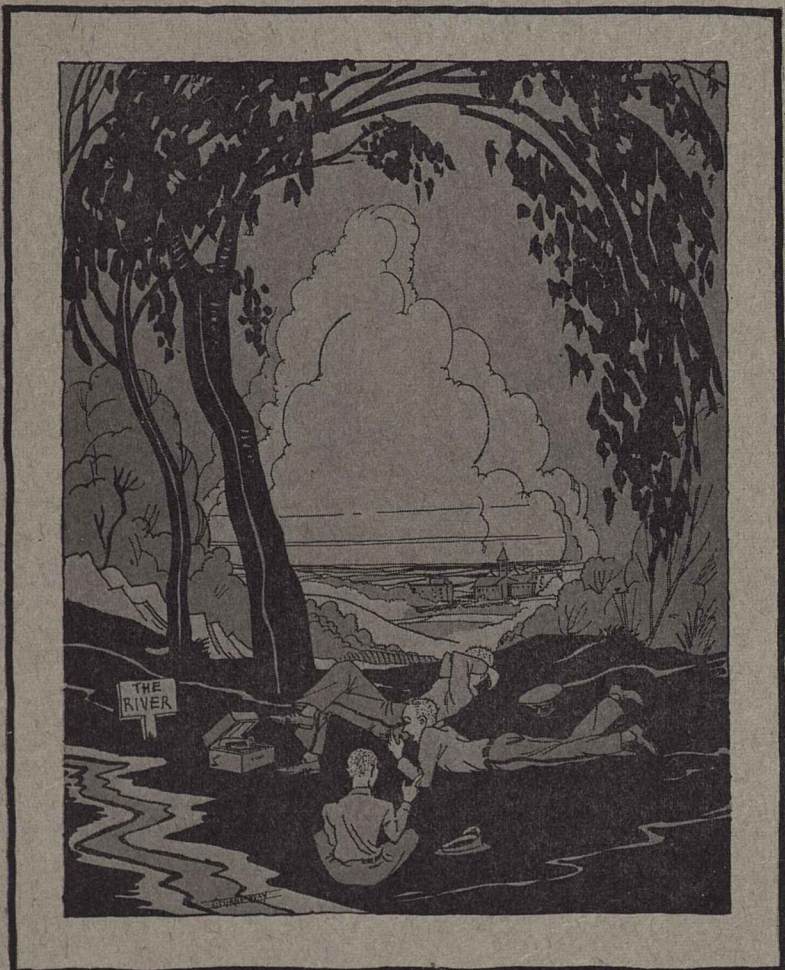
VICTIMS: These four austere gentlemen were recently convicted by the still powerful Senior Council for smuggling hot dogs into barracks and sentenced to four years at Furman. Their last words were, "Ship us or shoot us, but don't send us to that. . . ."



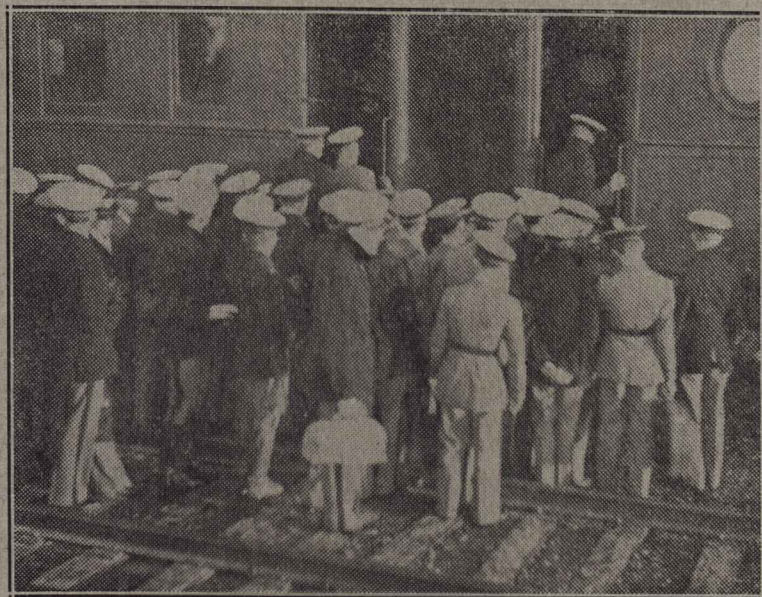
WOMAN'S TOUCH: This, dear reader, is an architect's drawing of what the Nutzi Regime means to the average cadet. The present four year plan instills in one the yearnings for home, fireside, and contentment (even with inspecting officers going the rounds). A recent poll revealed that Home Economics was by far the most popular course being taught at our sister institution. "This fits in perfectly with our 'Kulture Kompf' program to instill a higher culture into members of state colleges," say Starched Shirt leaders.



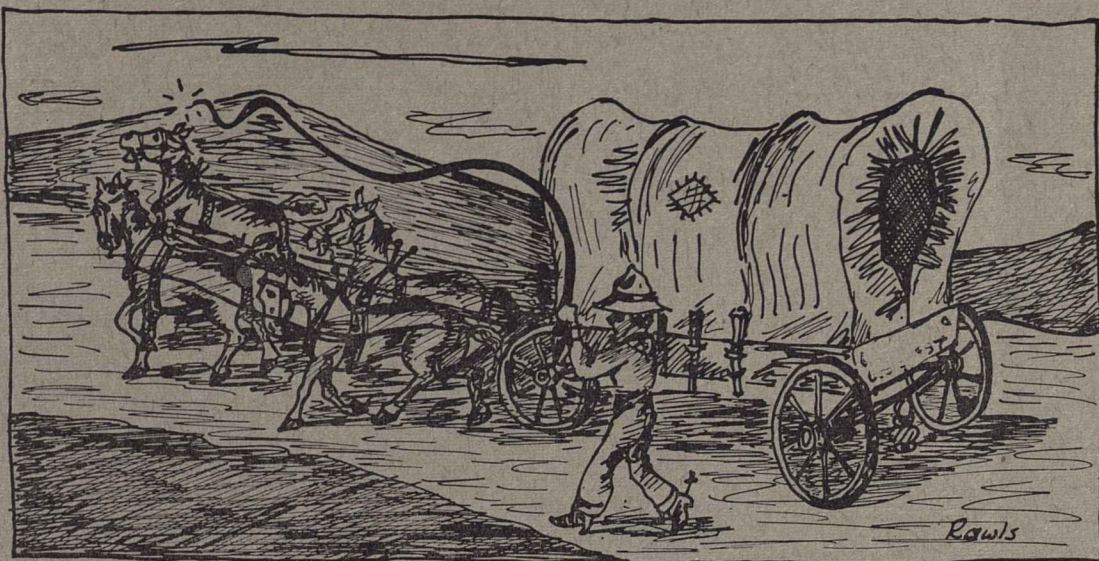
HONOR GUARD: Pride of the Fourth Battalion, these picked men are the personal guard of the new Furor. Adept in the art of war, perfect physical specimens, and trained to obey commands, these men typify the Starch Shirted Storm Troopers who are carving out an empire for their leader.



REFUGEES: Deposed by Nutzi Storm troopers, former Big 10 leaders Bell, Bagnal, and Denny loll in their hideout by the river and wistfully gaze at the territory they once ruled. Heads shaven by their foes, they plot the downfall of their goose-stepping conquerors.



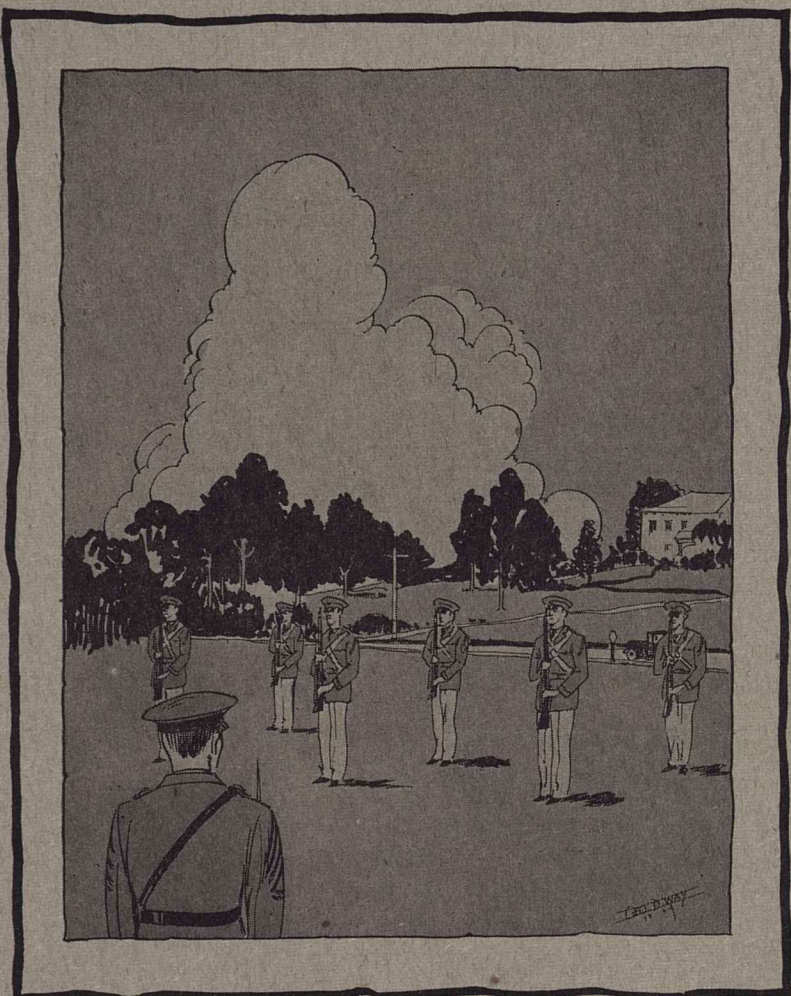
VOLUNTEERS: When Nutzi leaders issued the call for the first storm troopers, an enthusiastic group of Starched Shirts flocked to the Calhoun depot to board the train for the Winthrop conquest. Note the bewildered looks on their faces as they rate their first week-end in months.



RUSTIC: Undaunted by threatening war clouds which have set the collegiate diplomatic circles in a dither, Clemson's architects continue to live their quiet, simple life. This spirit is typified by Luke Lafaye (the little warrior) pictured above as he cracks the whip over his faithful coach and four as the architects and their dates start out for another of their hay-rides to Six-Mile Mountain.



SPONSORS: Nutzi propagandists in an effort to attract men to the folds of the storm troopers, offer as incentives a sponsor for each corporal. These lovely sponsors are sponsors for Company J and they will be honored at the annual spring dance beneath the "Squads Right" tree on Furor Field.



PROPAGANDA SHOT: Snapped before the pre-war days, this propaganda shot has been extensively used by Clemson's Furor and his press agents to show the dilapidated state that this man's army had fallen into before he and his Gamma cohorts took over. The scene as labeled by his agents depicts the total strength present at a retreat parade after the former Big 10 had finished granting permits to architects, CDA boys, Taps staff, ag boys, lintheads, etc., etc., to miss the afternoon parade.



DISCIPLINE: Under the new Starched Shirt regime, the customary guardroom or bull ring punishment is passe. Instead the miscreants are hustled off to concentration camps where they must undergo the torture of listening to professors monotonously drone the properties of the hysteresis loop, power factor, etc. A concentration camp has been established at Furman, recently acquired territory, and the Furor has his eyes on the Citadel where he hopes to ultimately establish a camp whose horrors will rival those of Alcatraz.



MOONING: Still somewhat dazed by being suddenly yanked from the obscurity of Brigade executive under the old regime, and given the high post of Radio Comptroller of the Nutzi Empire, R. J. (Love and Kisses) Farmer (right) fondles his newly acquired television set affectionately. "It is certainly much better to be able to talk to little Nell, Bessie, Millie, Margaret, Libby, Mary and all the rest of the dear gals to whom I am true than writing them laborious letters which Oscar reads over my shoulder," says the one time Big 10 figurehead.

SLACKER: "No, I don't want to go to war," stutters Gabriel Gates (left) one of the Clemson faculty's newest acquisitions, hiding behind a pair of glasses, as two of the local sirens persuasively whisper in his ear. "I am quite happy here, and besides, if I go, I fear that the actions of Bloom and Fitzpatrick in my absence will prove my undoing. Besides, I like it here" (and who wouldn't?)



Gamma Alpha Mu Conquers Scabbard-Blade

Writers Take Over Army Positions

Amid the bitterest fighting the blood-drenched foothills of the Oconee mountains has ever witnessed, Gamma Alpha Mu Storm Troopers lead by the intrepid militarist Herr Skardon, Scabbard and Blade transfer seized the military reins of Clemson College by decisively smashing the Big 10 troopers headed by Colonel Bell.

Carrying Banners bearing their slogan: "the pen is mightier than the sword," the Gamma men were not to be denied. Despite the determined stand upon the part of the Scabbard and Blade members, the writers completely routed their ancient foe.

Taking over the reins of government, Gamma Alpha Mu immediately acclaimed Skardon as their Furor. Seawell was named minister of Farm Relations; Mazo, Minister of propaganda and cadet knowledge, Lawton, minister of finance and budget; Sarlin, minister of secret service and head of the Opgog; Young minister of education, and Jordan minister of war. Wilkinson resigned to save his boots.

Furor Skardon recently rose to writer's prominence with his biographical masterpiece "Myne Kompf" telling of how he rose from a lowly corporal on "K" company to leader of the strong Fozz starch-shirted Fourth Battalion. During his reign he has established an excellent culture in his battalion with the promotion of libraries, social events, games, etc.

Furor Skardon is a militarist of the first water. For years he has cherished dreams of Clemson military conquest and supremacy.

Collegiate diplomats in the know state that in his inaugural speech, Herr Skardon pledged conquest of Furman, annexation of Winthrop, and the advancement of Clemson Culture.

Executives Fight For Beloved Bootees

There was grumbling in the streets of Clemson tonight as the powerful Gray Shirts put the screws on Clemson's military pride, the Executive Lieutenants unit. In addition to reducing the pay of the execs, the Militarists added insult to injury by taking away their boots.

Lead by the intrepid Thomas Stanley and C. Mayne, the executives stormed the chapel steps and made an earnest plea for the return of their rights. With the floodlights of the tower beating on their faces, Stanley and Mayne made eloquent orations.

"Take our money, take our homes, take our stripes, but give us our boots," they shouted hoarsely.

Their eloquence fell on deaf ears however, and they were dragged away with hysteria, shouting that old chanty, "Boots, Boots, Boots."

MARTIN PURCHASES AUTO TRAILER

Major S. M. Martin, head of the Math Department, recently purchased a house trailer in which he will make his future home.

The present house in which Major lives will be torn down in the early part of the summer to make way for the small "dog house" which is now under construction. The officials decided that the home would hide this new construction, so the home must go.

Reporter Uncovers Demerit Racket

Worried over the clean cadet demerit records which keep staring them in the face day after day, army officers have instigated a new way of building up demerits.

This new racket functions through the cooperation of the loud speaker in the mess hall and the Guard Room bulletin board and works like this: The announcer announces at dinner that there will be a parade the next afternoon. At supper the announcer states that there will not be a parade. At breakfast the next morning it is announced that there will be a parade, and at dinner it is announced that there will not be a parade.

Soon after dinner, the personnel of the Guard Room goes into action by posting an announcement that there will be a parade. Everyone goes up and puts on a clean shirt, but by this time the announcement says that there will not be a parade, so half of the corps goes to the show, while the rest go to sleep.

An orderly then sneaks out of the Guard Room and posts an announcement that there will be a parade. By this time it is time to fall in. The boys that are in their room asleep manage to get to the formation late, while those in the show get out in time to see the companies passing in review, and they realize that they have been fooled again.

This new system has caused the bust sheets to begin looking like a brigade roll call, and the Big ten is looking as happy as the cat that just finished making a meal of the canary.

PUSHED BY CHAIRMAN KINK GUARDS PROTECT HOLMES PLANS AGAINST THEFT

College officials have announced that a guard has been placed around the home of Professor A. G. Holmes following an attempt to steal the plans of an invention that will probably revolutionize transportation facilities.

It seems that Professor Holmes has been working on an invention said to be some sort of super-charged roller skates that seem to disobey all laws of nature because of their astounding speed, and within the next week his device will find its way on the markets of the world. With the last screw in place the prof. hopes to make a test run to Seneca, and at which time he hopes to make at least 20 miles an hour.

Professor Holmes says that his brain child came about in the last month or so when the new Textile Building began construction, and he found it necessary to hurry home after each class to make sure that his house was still in the same place. Several times he returned from class to find his house in several sections, often with a section or two missing. Finally he decided to solve the exasperating condition by inventing some device by which he could hurry from class to check up on the situation and return again without cutting classes.

HELTON TRADES IN BUGGY FOR FORD

Sergeant K. R. Helton recently traded his horse and buggy for a brand new 1909 Ford, one of Mr. Ford's latest creations.

The Sergeant is very proud of this new struggle buggy and can be seen, in his spare time, strutting from one corner of the campus to the other.

Clemson Profs Startle Men Of Science

Climaxing two years investigations, the discovery that growing sweet potatoes impregnated with Chlorophosphineginerasume, animal-plant hormone, will prevent any and all fibrous growth in the tuber rocked the scientific world, and shot Clemson Professors G. H. Collings and A. M. Musser into favorable prominence.

Chlorophosphineginerasume was separated from fibrous growths in the common garden variety of rose during September of 1937, but publication of the findings were withheld until further conclusive tests could be culminated to the satisfaction of the experimentors.

Its application to sweet potatoes was accidentally accomplished by the careless planting of Professor Musser's lunch box and the eating of the cactus shoot that should have been planted.

Further research is being carried on behind the Dairy barn, and anyone interested may view them by applying to the registrar.

Earl Mazo wishes to hire seven photographers to work in Tiger Office. No male help needed. File your application immediately.

AG SCHOOL FIGHTS PLANT SCOURGE

Parallel with the Medical department's efforts to rid the human race of dandruff is the School of Agriculture's work to lessen the spread of Chronosupersensitiveness to arain to all the crops in South Carolina.

This dread disease has been ravishing all the best families of plants. Little can be done to cure it after the plants begin to droop. This is particularly true when the soil has been washed away.

LaMaster Lectures To Police Squad

"Why Cows Produce Milk" was the subject of Professor J. P. LaMaster's address to the West Greenville Police squad last Friday night. The minions of the law exhibited great interest as the removal of the bovine species from the mainstreet is one of their most important duties, and as patrol-carman Hoosgirral expressed it, "Why shouldn't us officers profit by these social contacts?"

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Tiger Leads In Attack On White Scourge

Eye-Witness Exposes Senior Council Men

Several months ago "Rock" Metz called the Senior Disciplinary Council to meet in his office (with blouses), and when they arrived the usually dignified registrar started shouting at the top of his voice and beating wildly on the top of his desk. In other words, he began raising the rucus in general.

"Now listen, boys," he said, "dem barracks is too overcrowded, an somethings gotta be did. I ain't caring how its done, but we've gotta get rid of some of dem cadets. Now, I'm leaving this here proposition up to youse guys. Get rid of some of 'em, but don't use no rough stuff. You'll get twenty bucks for every one you ship; that's two smackers apiece, and that ought to be worth your while. Now get busy!"

And the Senior Council did get busy. Too busy in fact. They started the wheels of justice, but they started them backwards. It didn't matter—they were going to ship them anyway.

First there was the unfortunate case of the Senior Private who got caught with Listerine on his breath. He got shipped—the Council collected twenty bucks—they split it up—went to Greenville—pitched a bender to celebrate Clemson's new anti-crime trust. I know I saw them.

Next case to come up was the case of the Freshman who got

caught sitting in his ole lady's lap during Chemistry exam. The Council was worked up to a heat about this time, so they gave him forty demerits, suspension for a month, room arrest when he got back, attendance probation, and a case of fallen arches. They would have shipped him, but they didn't have nothing on him.

One of the Council's recent victims was an innocent Freshman who was hauled up just for pitching glassware out of his fourth story window. After all, a fellow has to have some recreation but the Council didn't think so. They needed the money—need I say more.

Crowfoot Club Taps 6 New Neophytes

At a recent meeting of Clemson's Crowfoot Club, the following men were nominated to be initiated into the club: J. B. Montgomery, J. E. Simkins, B. H. Keitt, J. E. Sullivan, L. E. Waters, and L. C. Smith.

The purpose of this club is to give Textile students, who have no chance of ever getting in Phi Psi, an opportunity to become a member of a Textile club. (Initiate Waters declined the invitation to join the club because he believes that he will pull through and make Phi Psi next year.) The initiates will wear a crow's foot around their neck and give the club call, "caw, caw," for a period of two weeks before they become bona fide members of the club.

Dandruff Must Be Exposed Says Press

Undaunted by public criticism and conventional taboos, the Clemson Tiger in cooperation with college medical authorities launched a statewide campaign against dandruff, the White Scourge which has so silently and so insidiously ravaged society for centuries.

To aid them in the campaign, the staff was fortunate in obtaining the service of the noted Nutzi specialists, Red Witherspoon and Frank All, men who have devoted their lives to the solving of the cause of this dread disease.

"The time has come," says Dr. Witherspoon, "when society must awaken from her prudent slumber and face harsh reality. We can no longer blush and hide behind false modesty. . . . We must bring the rascal dandruff out into the open. . . it is the only way we can stop the epidemics which wreak such havoc among the populaces of the world."

All Bitter

Dr. All was even more bitter in his denunciations. "Dandruff is no respecter of families. It strikes in the best of circles. It is a coward for it strikes silently and swiftly. Most of all, you may contract it anywhere—during a card game, at drill, on your first late date, in the class room, even at "Y" meeting."

Through the cooperation of these specialists every Clemson student is being given the opportunity of taking the wabberman test free of charge—a very simple, harmless test which consists of shaking ones head over a dark black screen. A positively white result means that dandruff has done its worst.

Clemson calls upon other colleges to aid in this fight against the white scourge. Drs. Witherspoon and All are now doing field work at Carolina where the epidemic is at its height.

Issinsky Explains Rehabilitation Houses Act

\$200.37½ will be paid each farmer participating in the new Federal Rehabilitation of National Farmer Housing Administration stated Director W. S. B. Issinsky of the Clemson Retension Bureau, today.

The act provides payments for the non-production of excess farm-houses of the type prevalent in the Southern states during the era of prohibition, as this type has been found to lead tenants to leave their farms for the once-profitable moon-shining. The payments, to be provided by the National Womens league for the proper dryness of the Younger generation, are to be made only after a thorough investigation of the Bureau's representatives, whom are to be recruited from New Orleans and South Carolina districts known to favor moral thirsts.

REVENUE OFFICERS EXPOSE DUMAS

It has finally been disclosed by the department of internal revenue that their last raid was on the home of Maj. A. H. Dumas. Hidden in the garage were found rows of 100 gal. cans, quite full, of illegal hair tonic. While the sentence has not been passed, it is generally rumored that the case will be put before the Senior Council for full consideration. This case was the hundreth successful capture of the revenue officers in their intensive campaign against illegal distilling of hair tonic.

Town Topics

Trade-In

Strong competition was created among the automobile dealers of South Carolina last week, by a rumor that Prof. W. W. Klugh of the Engineering Department was going to trade his old "T" Model Ford for a new run-a-bout. The old car, a 1920 model, is prized highly by automobile dealers of this locality, because of the rarity of the old cars. It was rumored that the Chrysler dealer of Anderson had offered Prof. Klugh a new convertible coup and \$.25 (two bits) to boot for his old car, but that Prof. Klugh was holding out until he re-

BIG 10 PROPOSES TWO DAY MARCH

At a recent meeting of the big 10 it was definitely decided that the corp is too soft and that an old time two day march will be necessary before the Taps ball. Hitchhiking will be banned for these two days. It was also decided that the officers wear boots while leading their men in this hike.

ceived a bid from the Buick-LaSalle dealer in Greenville.

Drill Schedule

Miss Peg (colonel to you) Williams has arranged a new drill schedule for the Brigade, to start immediately after Spring Holidays. This schedule calls for 1 parade a week, on Fri. afternoon, and a free show from 12-1 on the rest of the days of the week.

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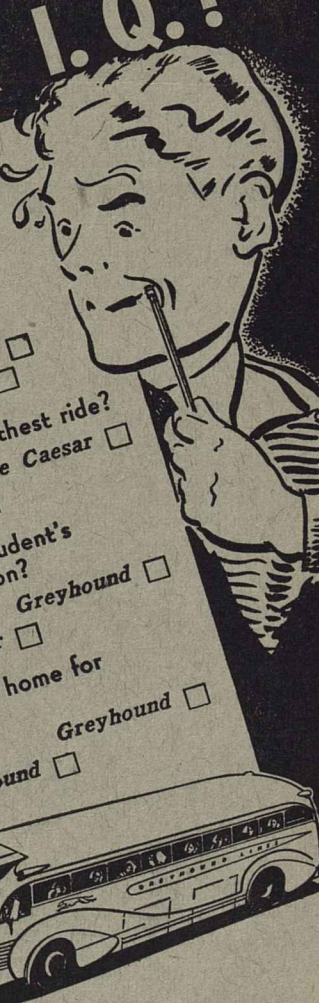
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Frankfurter ☐
- Which method of travel costs the least?
An Old Jalopy ☐ Greyhound ☐
Any Other Transportation ☐
- Which gives you the smoothest ride?
The Dean ☐ Greyhound ☐
Little Caesar ☐
- Which is the college student's favorite transportation?
Paddy Wagon ☐ Greyhound ☐
Any Other ☐
- How are you going home for spring vacation?
Greyhound ☐ Greyhound ☐
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CDA Forms Own Rhythm Outfit

SIT DOWN STRIKE BY BLOOM BOYS

The Cadets of Professor L. Bloom's sociology class went on a Sit-down strike yesterday.

Some of the reasons that the cadets give for this sudden outburst of violence are that Prof. Bloom would wear red, sporty neckties & red, fancy suspenders to class every day. He would not crack a smile, not even to laugh at the funniest of his jokes, and the simple words that he used were not over three syllables.

Jimmie Prestwood has been made dean of the Engineering Department.

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Band To Play For Hops

Tired of fooling with national dance agencies and perpetually arguing with the Jungaleers, the Central Dance Association has organized its own band which will play for the remainder of the dances scheduled for the spring term.

"The idea is a darn good one," says Prexy Morgan, "even if it is mine; and I think the cadets will like it."

The new orchestra will be composed entirely of CDA members and it is an extremely versatile organization. For Taps Ball the band will copy the popular style of Fletcher Henderson, who proved so popular at Taps several years ago. For Junior-Senior, they promise to give the corps a taste of the famous 6-8 Henry Busse Rhythm; and for Finals they will give a

double bill featuring the styles of those popular bands, Shep Fields and Frank LaMarr.

"The idea is o. k.," echoes Russ Waters, intrepid treasurer, "in addition to making the dances cheaper for the students, it keeps the money in the family, so to speak."

Rehearsals are being held daily and the outfit is rapidly whipping into shape. The personnel of this up-and-coming rhythm outfit is: Otis Morgan, leader; Tom Stanley, second fiddle; Moore, Clayton, Ambrose, saxes; McSwain, Boozer, Dunlap, brass section; McGee, recruited from the door, piano; handsome Russ Waters, crooner. In addition to playing a hot trombone, Dunlap sings in the Pee Wee Hunt manner.

Morgan confessed that he was worried over his music not being in keeping with the new "kulture komp" martial music as advocated by der furor Skardon.

Colonel Weeks wishes to see all the boys who have signed up for corporals.

Lord Collins has exchanged rooms with professor Nutt so Lord will be nearer to the ground.

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